Periodical

MAY 3 1924
DETROIT

The CRISIS

Vol. 28—No. 1 MAY, 1924 Whole No. 163

ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

SOUTHERN AID SOCIETY OF VIRGINIA, INC.

Home Office: 527 N. Second Street, Richmond, Va.

CONDENSED ANNUAL STATEMENT
December 31, 1923

Balance Ledger Assets Brot. fow'd Jan. 1, 1923		$ 594,927.20
Income for 1923		836,379.88
TOTAL		1,431,307.08
Disbursements for 1923		770,999.29
BALANCE LEDGER ASSETS Dec. 31, 1923		$ 660,307.79

LEDGER ASSETS ITEMIZED

Petty Cash Fund	$ 100.00	
Deposits in Banks and Trust Companies	123,596.80	
Cash in Transit from Dist. Offices	4,419.43	
Total	$ 128,116.23	
Real Estate (Cost Price)	382,458.26	
Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	109,264.10	
Stocks and Bonds	32,215.00	
Bills Receivable	8,254.20	
TOTAL (Ledger Assets as per Balance)	$ 660,307.79	

NON-LEDGER ASSETS

Interest and Rents Due and Accrued	$ 1,871.60	
Market Value of Real Estate over Book Value	7,357.68	
TOTAL (GROSS ASSETS)		$ 669,537.07

ASSETS NOT ADMITTED

Bills Receivable	$ 8,254.20
TOTAL (ADMITTED ASSETS)	$ 661,282.87

LIABILITIES ITEMIZED

Employees' Deposits	$ 23,149.96	
Reserved for Unpaid Claims	1,011.48	
" " Taxes	20,597.64	
" " Interest and Sundry Accts	7,978.91	
TOTAL LIABILITIES EXCEPT CAPITAL		$ 52,737.99
Capital (fully paid)	$ 30,000.00	
Surplus over all Liabilities	$ 578,544.88	
Surplus as regards Policy-holders		$ 608,544.88
TOTAL		$ 661,282.87

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Operating in State of Virginia and Dist. of Columbia

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THE CRISIS

A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AND COPYRIGHTED BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE AT 69 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y., CONDUCTED BY W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS; JESSIE REDMON FAUSET, LITERARY EDITOR; AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Vol. 28 No. 1 MAY, 1924 Whole No. 163

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The Head of a Hindu. Drawn by Louis Portlock.

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Registration:	Autumn Quarter	September 26, 27, 1924
	Winter Quarter	January 3, 1925
	Spring Quarter	March 14, 1925

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THE CRISIS

Vol. 28. No. 1 MAY, 1924 Whole No. 163

Opinion of W. E. B. Du Bois

"THE AMERICAN SCENE"

FIVE months respite brings me back to the "American Scene" with zest.—The "Sanhedrin" of Mr. Kelly Miller was exactly what I expected it to be: an interesting social occasion with no new ideas and no program. On every vital question—housing, intermarriage, union labor, and even the Ku Klux Klan, it had nothing to say worth saying.—Of all silly statements, the pronouncement of the so-called "Negro Press Association" against "unionism and economic radicalism" is the most pitiful. Union labor has given the modern workman, white and black, whatever he has of decent wages and hours and conditions of work. Because the present Union leaders, headed by the reactionary Gompers, are trying unsuccessfully to deprive Negroes of further economic advance, is less than a reason for damning the bridge that brought us over. And in "economic radicalism", the reform of the present outrageous injustice in the distribution of the world's wealth, lies the only hope of the black folk.—Mighty few of God's children, of any color, have either wings or good ordinary common-sense. That genius, Eugene O'Neill, has written a play. The tale of the play is the child love of a boy and a girl; her downfall and betrayal by a disreputable prizefighter; his failure to pass his law examinations; their marriage, and struggle to live, at first far from home and friends, at last at home where she fears his success and he fears his further failure. In this there is nothing but a good play with subtle psychology and touches of fine art. Suppose the boy a Jew and the girl American—"Good!" says the world. Or the girl Irish and the boy Italian! "Good!" says the world. Suppose either had a great-grandfather who was black? "Help! Murder! Fire!" cries the world and both black and white worlds try to out-shriek each other. And this is the w. k. "Negro problem".—I have lost three friends in death. One was the kindest, jolliest, best-hearted soul I ever knew. It was not right for James Trimble to die. He loved life and all who really lived, loved him. I shall keep his memory warm. —I have been a guest in many homes but in none where the hospitality was so simple and kind as in the home of William Channing Gannett. In two senses he was a Friend and he escaped the snobbishness of his sect and attained the humanity of the individual. He is dead. He will yet live long.—Josephine St. Pierre Ruffin sleeps forever. She was the stern critic of my student days, the fine helper of my young manhood, the mentor of my days of doing. The women of America owe much to this brave uncompromising woman, the wife of a Massachusetts judge, with her queenly bearing and her unwavering paths. She was "colored" but beautiful, white and white-haired. "I

always have liked your people" said a Boston woman to her once, condescendingly.

"Yes?" said Mrs. Ruffin with her head in the air—"which people?"

A LUNATIC OR A TRAITOR

IN its endeavor to avoid any injustice toward Marcus Garvey and his followers, THE CRISIS has almost leaned backward. Notwithstanding his wanton squandering of hundreds of thousands of dollars we have refused to assume that he was a common thief. In spite of his monumental and persistent lying we have discussed only the larger and truer aspects of his propaganda. We have refrained from all comment on his trial and conviction for fraud. We have done this too in spite of his personal vituperation of the editor of THE CRISIS and persistent and unremitting repetition of falsehood after falsehood as to the editor's beliefs and acts and as to the program of the N. A. A. C. P.

In the face, however, of the unbelievable depths of debasement and humiliation to which this demagog has descended in order to keep himself out of jail, it is our duty to say openly and clearly:

Marcus Garvey is, without doubt, the most dangerous enemy of the Negro race in America and in the world. He is either a lunatic or a traitor. He is sending all over this country tons of letters and pamphlets appealing to Congressmen, business men, philanthropists and educators to join him on a platform whose half concealed planks may be interpreted as follows:

That no person of Negro descent can ever hope to become an American citizen.

That forcible separation of the races and the banishment of Negroes to Africa is the only solution of the Negro problem.

That race war is sure to follow any attempt to realize the program of the N. A. A. C. P.

We would have refused to believe that any man of Negro descent could have fathered such a propaganda if the evidence did not lie before us in black and white signed by this man. Here is a letter and part of a symposium sent to one of the most prominent business men of America and turned over to us; we select but a few phrases; the italics are ours:

Do you believe the Negro to be a *human being?*

Do you believe the Negro *entitled to all the rights of humanity?*

Do you believe that the Negro should be taught *not to aspire to the highest political positions in Governments of the white race,* but to such positions among his own race in a Government of his own?

Would you help morally *or otherwise* to bring about such a possibility? Do you believe that the Negro should be *encouraged to aspire* to the highest industrial and commercial positions in the countries of the white man in competition with him and to his exclusion?

Do you believe that the Negro should be encouraged to regard and *respect the rights of all other races* in the same manner as other races would respect the rights of the Negro.

The pamphlets include one of the worst articles recently written *by a Southern white man* advocating the deportation of American Negroes to Liberia and several articles by Garvey and his friends. From one of Garvey's articles we abstract one phrase:

"THE WHITE RACE CAN BEST HELP THE NEGRO BY TELLING HIM THE TRUTH, AND NOT BY FLATTERING HIM INTO BELIEVING THAT HE IS AS GOOD AS ANY WHITE MAN."

Not even Tom Dixon or Ben Tillman or the hatefulest enemies of the Negro have ever stooped to a more

vicious campaign than Marcus Garvey, sane or insane, is carrying on. He is not attacking white prejudice, he is grovelling before it and applauding it; his only attack is on men of his own race who are striving for freedom; his only contempt is for Negroes; his only threats are for black blood. And this leads us to a few plain words:

1. No Negro in America ever had a fairer and more patient trial than Marcus Garvey. He convicted himself by his own admissions, his swaggering monkey-shines in the court room with monocle and long tailed coat and his insults to the judge and prosecuting attorney.

2. Marcus Garvey was long refused bail, not because of his color, but because of the repeated threats and cold blooded assaults charged against his organization. He himself openly threatened to "get" the District Attorney. His followers had repeatedly to be warned from intimidating witnesses and one was sent to jail therefor. One of his former trusted officials after being put out of the Garvey organization brought the long concealed cash account of the organization to this office and we published it. Within two weeks the man was shot in the back in New Orleans and killed. We know nothing of Garvey's personal connection with these cases but we do know that today his former representative lies in jail in Liberia sentenced to death for murder. The District Attorney believed that Garvey's "army" had arms and ammunition and was prepared to "shoot up" colored Harlem if he was released. For these and no other reasons Garvey was held in the Tombs so long without bail and until he had made abject promises, apologizing to the judge and withdrawing his threats against the District Attorney. Since his release he has not dared to print a single word against white folk. All his vituperation has been heaped on his own race.

Everybody, including the writer, who has dared to make the slightest criticism of Garvey has been intimidated by threats and threatened with libel suits. Over fifty court cases have been brought by Garvey in ten years. After my first and favorable article on Garvey, I was not only threatened with death by men declaring themselves his followers, but received letters of such unbelievable filth that they were absolutely unprintable. When I landed in this country from my trip to Africa I learned with disgust that my friends stirred by Garvey's threats had actually felt compelled to have secret police protection for me on the dock!

Friends have even begged me not to publish this editorial lest I be assassinated. To such depths have we dropped in free black America! I have been exposing white traitors for a quarter century. If the day has come when I cannot tell the truth about black traitors it is high time that I died.

The American Negroes have endured this wretch all too long with fine restraint and every effort at cooperation and understanding. But the end has come. Every man who apologizes for or defends Marcus Garvey from this day forth writes himself down as unworthy of the countenance of decent Americans. As for Garvey himself, this open ally of the Ku Klux Klan should be locked up or sent home.

SENSITIVE LIBERIA

LIBERIA is sensitive. Liberia has a right to be sensitive. For fifty years she has been the target for the most unprincipled propaganda that any small nation ever suffered not even excepting Haiti. The reason thereof is perfectly simple: England and France want the territory of Liberia. Why?

It is the richest piece of commercially undeveloped territory on the West Coast.

It is the part of Africa nearest South America by hundreds of miles It is threaded by rivers capable of being made navigable and being used for power.

The harbor of Monrovia can be made the best harbor between Lisbon and Cape Town.

Moreover, every single European power with possessions in Africa is vitally interested in the *failure* of Liberia: Why?

If Liberia fails this justifies slavery, serfdom, autocracy and exploitation of a race "incapable" of self-rule.

If Liberia succeeds why should not the Negro succeed in self rule and democratic development and decent industrial organization in Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, French Africa, South Africa, East Africa, Kenya, the Sudan and Abyssinia?

What is the result? Propaganda, continuous, persistent, irresponsible and lying propaganda; book after book and article after article by French and English Colonial officials living on pensions paid by African labor; sneer after sneer by white merchants fattening on cheating black folk; lie after lie by sea captains lounging down the west coast and entertaining long eared tourists.

And we American Negroes have swallowed this propaganda whole. We have splashed and bathed in it. A few days after I returned from Liberia I was at an evening gathering. There was present a well known Negro American—a man of intelligence and wide reading, a "race" man, as our *patois* has it. He greeted me heartily and pleasantly. Then he started in on Liberia. He joked and chuckled. He referred jovially to bare-footed generals; to snakes and cannibals, to mud huts; he repeated amid gusts of his own laughter all the jokes, lies and insinuations that white men had surreptitiously poked down his open throat while his head was turned. He was quite unconscious of any wrong. He was a "friend" of Liberia—a member and lover of the Negro race. But in his sub-conscious mind Liberia connoted something grotesque and comic. What greater proof is wanted of the success of English and French Propaganda?

And yet what is the truth? The truth is that here is 31,000 square miles of beauty, charm, and untold wealth, where for 100 years a handful of black folk almost unaided and universally traduced have maintained a free and independent government; have never had a revolution or a foreign war; have kept their land and resources from capitalistic exploitation and their labor from slavery; have borne their losses and their insults like men and looked the world in the face, eye to eye, and calmly repeated year after year and decade after decade the splendidly simple motto of their State:

"The love of Liberty brought us here."

I have heard many National Hymns. I have heard Americans stumble and falter over that glorification of war which we call the "Star Spangled Banner". I have heard Englishmen ask God to save the King with remarkable absence of enthusiasm. I have heard "Deutschland über alles", and the acclaim of Austria, Italy, and Spain. But I never heard or saw a people leap to its feet and without book or note sing with such fervor so beautiful a national hymn as the hymn of Liberia:

"All hail, Liberia, hail!
"This glorious land of Liberty
"Shall long be ours!
"Though new her name,
"Green be her fame
"And mighty be her powers!
"In joy and gladness, with our hearts
United,

"We'll shout the freedom of a race
benighted;
"Long live Liberia, happy land!
"A home of glorious liberty,
"By God's command!"

The swing and thunder of the music, the blending of parts and roll of the melody and climax of the end —I never heard the song without tears—without a rush of indignation, bitter and poignant, against the modern institution of broadcast lying. Why in God's great name cannot a group of brave black folk hide in their own father-land and be left to fight back the wilderness in peace without being hunted, cheated, traduced and oppressed?

And we need not hand all the blame to white folk. Black Americans are disliked in Liberia. They are viewed with suspicion bordering on contempt. They are received with courtesy and hospitality because the native Liberian and the government officials are gentlemen and used to meeting gentlemen. But Liberians are bitterly aware that Negro Americans have repeatedly abused their hospitality and betrayed their confidence. An American Negro usually comes to Liberia filled with contempt and advice. Especially advice. Before he gets one foot securely on Liberian soil, he begins to distribute this advice in loud tones; he begins to make merry over Liberia's misfortunes. Do these *soi-disant* Negroes think Liberians fools? Do they imagine that Liberians do not want a fine harbor? Do not know the need of roads and railroads? Do not want to develop their sugar, palm oil, coffee, cocoa, lumber and piassava? Do American Negroes imagine that their bright brains were the first to discover that Liberia had not done a thousand and one things that ought to be done in any modern prosperous country?

There is not a thing that American Negroes can tell Liberians about the needs of Liberia that Liberians do not know and have not discussed and desired for fifty years and they are bitter when the descendants of slaves who meekly submitted to their slavery persume to ladle out loads of obvious advice to people who for a hundred tremendous years have dared to be free.

Why is Liberia today undeveloped? Behold the great secret: Liberia has been busy. Liberia has been very busy with other matters. Liberia has been so busy maintaining her shee· independence and the integrity of the minimum of territory left her that she has had neither time nor talent left for her economic development. If Liberia instead of choosing poverty, calumny and independence had chosen wealth, corporations, land monopoly, railroads and modern exploitation, she would have richer citizens and a better trade balance, but she would be a part of the empire on which the sun does not dare to set, and her citizens would be disfranchised serfs. Wherefore Liberia is sensitive.

STEALING

THE crime of the 20th century is stealing. Stealing is taking that which does not rightly belong to you. Yet our whole international commerce and most of our business is built on the effort to get the largest personal income for the smallest return, the biggest individual profit for the smallest outlay; which means of course that a large part of what the successful merchant gains, while legally his, is economically and socially the property of others.

This gives us a chance to view the upheaval at Washington judicially. There has been stealing in the government. The rich natural resources of this land have been sequestered and handed over to private interests for private gain and at immense public loss. Republicans since the war have

stolen almost as much as Democrats during the war. Justice in our courts has been a matter of barter and sale. Has all this been "illegal"? We doubt it. There have been too many shrewd lawyers involved and today it is regarded right for a lawyer to sell his soul for a fee and secure immunity for red-handed criminals. This is the "ethics" of the legal profession. Has this monopoly and sale been immoral? Certainly. But it is only a small part of our customary immorality. We have deliberately, openly and consciously bartered laborers for millionaires, women for prostitutes, children for cotton cloth and Negroes for cotton. We have made the great object of the American commonwealth p r i v a t e profit rather than liberty. Hence none of us are excited over the Congressional investigations. Bad as the revelations are we know worse things are unrevealed. And we sense the hypocrisy of making cheap political capital out of our national shame.

BURLEIGH

FOR thirty years Harry Burleigh has been leading soloist of a leading New York church. For three hours last Sunday thousands of his admirers clamored without to enter that church already full to bursting in order to pay tribute to the man who is today the greatest American composer of songs. It was a fine sight. There was no element of American culture unrepresented. And when the sigh of the Sorrow Song set by his singing heart rose and swelled over St. George's there was but one thing to do—to weep with great joy. And few there were who did not do it.

TANNER

ONCE in Paris, years ago, Henry Tanner, the great artist, voiced a complaint—a little complaint, hesitatingly and diffidently expressed. "Do you know, I never have been able to sell one of my pictures to a colored man."

I mumbled vague apologies: We are poor ("We own 100,000 automobiles", said my soul); we have not yet come to appreciate art ("We are the only American artists", murmured my mind); we are not yet sufficiently familiar with your work. ("Tanner is a perennial essay subject" remarked my sinking heart): In fact it was simply our muddling carelessness. Who of us buys even books, much less pictures?

But the ice is broken. At the last New York exhibit of Tanner's marvellous convasses—those dark mists of thrilling color and sombre shades, those deathless poems in paint that years to come will worship—John E. Nail of New York City paid a price that ran into four figures for two paintings worth a journey of a thousand miles to see. And another young colored man, Dr. Godfrey Nurse, bought a third; and we learn that two or three other Negroes are actually considering similar purchases. These are sure signs of civilization. There is not a large colored church or school or lodge or corporation which could not and should not own a painting by Tanner. As a sheer investment it would be more valuable than government bonds. And to this why not add a group by Meta Fuller, a bust by May Jackson and an etching by Albert Smith?

Finally in a wild orgy of extravagance why not buy a book! Why not make the sale of Jessie Fauset's "There Is Confusion" so great as to raise a chorus of publishers shrieking for new Negro novels?

Sign this and send it to us:

"As an intelligent human being who wishes to preserve the thought and experience of the world and of my own people, I hereby solemnly promise to buy during 1924—new books and to keep these books in my personal library for reading and continued reference.

Signed ....."

THE YOUNG NEGRO AND THE NEW DAY

WILLARD EDWIN UPHAUS

THE vision of "The New Humanity" which Mr. William S. Nelson gave the readers of THE CRISIS a month ago, will by reason of the indomitable spirit of the youth of our land, pass from an ideal into an actuality. I too, a white student, saw several thousand of The New Humanity at the Indianapolis Convention. Irresistible tides of power, immeasurable in consequence, were released at this great meeting and are sweeping away the old foundations of prejudice and ignorance, particularly in our colleges and universities. The New Day of a finer inter-racial co-operation is close at hand. Moreover, if there is one thing above another that impressed me, as a leader of one of the discussion groups at the Convention, it is that the young Negro, as I saw him there, is prepared to assume his full share in our common task. I was so impressed by the reasonableness, the moderation, the ability, and the sense of fair play demonstrated by the Negro representatives in my group that I was moved to write to the other forty-eight leaders to see if their experiences would corroborate my own. It is to them, many of whom answered promptly and fully, that the material in this article is due. Their testimony will show that my optimism is not groundless, but confirmed by their common experience.

WILLARD E. UPHAUS

Among the things I asked were these: What spirit did the Negro students manifest? Did they antagonize or win other members of the group? What were their solutions for the inter-racial problem? Did they show ability and readiness to co-operate in bringing in a New Day?

My correspondents were uniformly interested and sympathetic. "I am so glad to know," a leader from a North Carolina college writes, "that someone is going to interpret the spirit of the Negro students at the Indianapolis Convention. It was one of the outstanding things about the meeting to me, and I have had many Southerners, to whom the whole issue was presented at the Convention, tell me that they got a new vision of it all through the Negro representatives who took part in the discussions. My own opinion is that the Negro students carried off the honors in my discussion group". Another writes, "their spirit was fine and did more than their arguments to create a sense of fellowship and mutual understanding". Again, the following concise characterization of six Negroes in another group is illuminating: "Self-respecting; outspoken, but not over-bearing; kind and appealing, but not servile; well-informed; co-operative; desirious of being understood and given a chance to work together with others in solving the problem". This leader could recall no rancor or bitterness. Another responds, "I recall only one member of the Negro race in my discussion group, a girl from Georgia. She manifested such a wonderful spirit that a number of Southern boys remarked to me about her. She made no extravagant claims for her people, and did not unduly complain of conditions. She only asked for her people a chance for the fullest self-development and expression". Two men in still another group were "frank, open and winning".

Similarly, it was said of four other Negro participants that "their spirit was one of earnestness and genuine spirituality about the whole matter".

It would be strange if the conduct of all members of any race were perfect anywhere. One very interesting letter received, contrasts two Negro women. "Each made a totally different impression on the group", the leader writes. "One was rhetorical, verbose, long-winded, making frequent scriptural quotations of vague application, and tending generally to impress the group unfavorably, simply because she took up valuable time. The other woman, on the other hand, was retiring, refined, presenting her case strongly but in a fine spirit, so that she immediately won the whole group to her and was heartily applauded when she finished, a recognition that was accorded to no other speaker".

Finally, this ought not be omitted about a Negro girl: "This girl was from a Southern normal school. She did not participate during the first three quarters of an hour. When she did participate, she spoke for about seven minutes, meeting the point of view which had been expressed by others in the group, with which she did not agree, in a true spirit of love. Her commendation of attitudes in which she did agree and with which her people generally agreed, seemed to be a rather convincing argument for them. It was quite clear that her remarks and her spirit won the admiration of the group and antagonized no one".

The Convention taught that thinking together breaks down suspicion and misunderstanding. One of the most striking effects was the mellowing influence of a frank and open statement of grievances and differences of opinion. How much alike we are after all! Not a few students who approached the first day's discussion cynical and doubtful, even a bit violent at the thought of the old distinctions disappearing, came to the end of the final session with a change of heart. Writing of the white students, one leader says, "Even those whose prejudices were stirred by what took place have had their citadels stormed and they cannot get away from the fact". Some expressions of a new idealism and courage that have come in are nothing short of thrilling. "One Southern white girl in our group was so sincere in her attitude of changing her convictions in the light of new data as to be quite convincing to the group. She said, 'I believe the Christian white and colored people in the South will solve this problem by sharing life . . . Yes, and I am willing to eat with them, and I want you to know that it is the first time in my life that I have ever said that'. Another white participant voiced a new outlook thus, 'We have not thought very much before this Convention because we were afraid to; but now we shall go back home and think because we are afraid not to' ". "Representative of the feelings of many", another leader replies, "was the statement of one Southerner who had in the beginning taken a rather strong position against the Negro, that he saw new light on the whole question and he intended to go back to his campus and live as he now believed Christ would have him live. And to follow the light he now saw would mean facing 'the music' in a very real sense with the loss of friends and possible social ostracism". Another incident, highly descriptive of the startling transformations that occurred, was reported. A white girl had been getting violent on the question of intermarriage. A direct reply to one of her remarks by a Negro reassured her so completely that she arose and said that although she had lived in the South all her life, she had never known that there were such Negroes in the world. Now she could understand why some people liked them, considered them capable, and were not afraid that they would contaminate all the other races".

What will not be the outcome of spirits such as these just described? We have reason to believe that these are only a few examples of scores and scores of lives dedicated to the task of ringing out the old order of discord and bitterness and ringing in the new order of human brotherhood. And it should be remembered that these changes of heart were largely due to the kindness, tolerance and capacity for leadership manifested by the Negro student at the Convention.

The moderation and fairness with which Negro students suggested solutions for the inter-racial problem dispelled the last doubts and misgivings in the minds of many. Several leaders write that they dismissed the old intermarriage bugaboo

WILLIAM S. NELSON

promptly and completely. They displayed instead a racial pride and the deep desire that their people be permitted to make a characteristic contribution to the family of races. In numerous discussions they urged white students to help them keep the colored race pure by insisting that white men leave colored women alone.

Such statements as the following demonstrate better than any words of my own the unanimity with which all participants sought the sensible way toward a finer spirit of co-operation. Each quotation represents the findings in a different discussion group. "The solutions proposed by the colored members were very conservative and cautions pleas for equal opportunities in education, in business, in industry; for a chance to succeed in any profession they chose, without being held back by color lines; for schools, for the opportunity to own homes, and to solve their own future with their workers". "The expression that came from the Negroes over and over in each talk—and several times in each—was the idea that what is wanted on the part of their race is equality of opportunity which would mean the destruction of every type of discrimination that leads to an inferiority complex on the part of the Negro race". "Their solutions for the problem consisted mostly in asking for an equal share in educational and cultural advantages. None of them urged close social communication between the races, but maintained that such decisions were personal and that a matter of personal preference could not be decided by a group of people". One of the clearest thinking young Negro women, after offering detailed suggestions as to what white students could do to produce a better understanding between the races, was just as exacting in her demands upon her own people. They were (1) to apply the Golden Rule, (2) to raise the standards of living, morals, and education, (3) to achieve economic independence, (4) to develop race pride and consciousness, and (5) to overcome prejudice and inculcate tolerance.

Did the Negro show ability and readiness to co-operate in bringing in the New Day? That the answers to this question were all in the affirmative is indicated by what has been said. "Their ability and readiness to work together were certainly equal to, if not superior to, that of the other students", is the way one leader puts it. Together we learned that a higher ideal for the races than doing things *for* each other in a condescending way is achieving a glorious common destiny *with* each other.

The Indianapolis Convention opened the eyes of all to things as they really are, and not as we had imagined they were. The sense of oneness in soul and purpose and of the inevitable coming of interracial solidarity was inescapable. "If I could only be taken for what I am", was the deepest longing of a colored girl in one of the groups; but it was not a longing peculiar to herself, for it found an echo in the hearts of the sons and daughters of thirty lands. It is the longing that will work itself out in a new appreciation of the sacredness of personality. It is the spirit that will bind up the wounds of a distressed world and then rise and declare to the prejudiced and intolerant that interracial friction, pernicious propaganda, lynching and rioting must pass from the face of the earth forever. Once having caught this spirit of the New Day the thoughtful men and women of the Negro and white races will not cease their efforts until justice, righteousness and good will shall reign, in our common land.

BLACK AND WHITE

VALENTINE NIETING

"ONE hundred miles from Calcutta is a village called Bolpur; and two miles from the village, out where the sweep of view across the Bengal plains is almost unobstructed, is Rabindranath Tagore's school for boys. The stimulating breadth of the horizon, the flood of sunshine with shimmering lights and wonderful shade, limitless expanse of the stars at night encircling one with the silence of the world beyond—these determine the location of the school, and cause the great poet to call it 'Shantiniketan'—The Abode of Peace."

It was my rare privilege to employ one of the pupils of this school as a messenger. He was a young man of twenty-two, very tawny and quite unprepossessing. His name was Tawde. Tawde left a bride of six months and sacrificed his position as principal of a high school in Poona City, India, to acquire an American Universty education. He registered at Teachers' College, Columbia Unversity, with the expectation of carrying off a Ph.D. degree. He already possessed a B.A. degree from an Indian University in Bombay.

Tawde belonged to the warrior caste. His father was a veteran of seven wars and the recipient of numerous medals and honors from the British government. His ancestry represented the simple, sturdy peasant stock of the hill country.

It was India's pathetic desuetude that aroused his smouldering patriotism and actuated his invasion of America. He could see only one hope of salvation for his countrymen: a good, modern village-school educational system. He wanted the best the world could offer before organizing such a movement on a national scale.

The condition of India which impelled Tawde and a host of other young Hindu students to flock to Western centers of learning was and still is deplorable. Consider this land of 300,000,000 souls, once the cradle of civilization, "reduced to a condition wherein 97% of the population regard as their homes mud walls a foot thick, grass-thatched roof, and a dirt floor; a land, where, philologically speaking, even the blackest Hindu represents an earlier stage of Aryan speech than the fairest Scandinavian, and yet where, after a century of enlightened British rule, only 20% of the Indian children are in school—where there is but one school for every seven towns and villages." Imagine the India which produced the finest single piece of architecture in the world—the Taj Mahal—having today a literate population of only six per cent. Four thousand years ago, when our ancestors were savages roaming through the forests, India had a matured civilization, with flourishing cities, powerful monastic orders, libraries and other great institutions. Indian astronomers made fairly correct calculations of the solar year, her mathematicians devised a system of notation including both fractions and algebra; she had a system of medicine, with hospitals and dissecting rooms. Her great epic, the Mahabhrata, comes down from the year 1200 B.C. By 500 B.C. there was a well-authenticated philosophical system, and an art of music with its seven notes. A Sanskrit grammar had been compiled in B.C. 350.

To-day there are over 50,000,000 Untouchables and three times as many illiterate, imprisoned women, each one exerting upon the men of her family a force of reaction, ignorance and superstition.

Of all the foreign students who register at our big universities the plight of the Hindus is by far the worst. They find it almost impossible to get decent employment because of the barrier of color. Consequently they are thankful to get jobs as elevator runners, porters, janitors, newsboys, servants, messengers, bus boys, etc. These jobs, of course, mean long hours, little pay, gruelling work, continuous mortification, and hardly any recreation. Yet they bear their lot like Stoics, these Hindus. I know of no more cheerful, self-sustaining, respectable group of young men.

On entering my office one morning I found Tawde sitting at my desk with a huge bundle of papers under his arm. He had come to see me about changing his position. He was then working at a small branch office

in the outskirts of the city on a ten hour night shift. We were in the grip of an unusually severe winter with heavy snows and zero weather. He came from the tropics and had never seen snow before. Many times he did not reach home until three in the morning. He rose habitually at six to do his studies. Many nights were passed in wakeful agony, rubbing his frosted hands and feet. In telling of his hardships he could not restrain the tears. He begged my indulgence for his weakness, which melted me completely. It was pathetic. Here was this stack of papers under his arm, letters of recommendation from all the prominent men of affairs in India whom he knew—genuinely appreciative letters in the main—and here was he, poor fellow, a thousand miles from nowhere, alone and friendless, reduced to weeping.

We became firm friends immediately. And never had I a more genuine and loyal one.

I endeavored to get him a better position. I enlisted the aid of all my friends, wrote endless letters of introduction, importuned every conceivable social and philanthropic organization in the city. The best offer we received was bus boy's job in the Automat. He elected to remain on the messenger force.

GANDHI, PROPHET OF INDIA
After Two Years in Prison

Sundays he preferred to spend with me at my home. We would stroll through the parks, discussing the ethics, religion, art, literature and philosophy of his people. I acquired a valuable, intimate knowledge of India's strange gods, her much-maligned caste system, her household life, her marraige customs, her dilapidated educational system, her iniquitous taxation laws, her famines, her pestilences, her wrack and ruin. To convey to me the wonderful sense of contrasts in India, where unbounded luxury and starvation brush shoulders, he read for me Loti's description of famine in the rose-colored city of Jeypore.

"There are horrible heaps of rags and bones lying on the pavement hidden amongst the gay booths of the merchants, and people have to step aside so as not to tread upon them. These phantoms are peasants who used to live in the surrounding districts. They have struggled against the droughts which brought destruction to the land, and their long agony is imprinted on their incredibly emaciated bodies. Now all is over; their cattle have died because there was no more grass; they are hungry because they wish to eat; that is why they have come to the city. They thought that people would take pity on them and would not let them die, and they had heard that food and grain were stored here as if to resist a siege . . .

The tiniest of the three children seems to be almost dead, for he is motionless and has no longer strength enough to drive away the flies that cling to his closed eyelids. His belly is so empty that it resembles the carcass of an animal that has been drawn for cooking, and he has dragged himself along the ground so long that at last his hip bones have rubbed through the skin. But they must move on elsewhere so that there may be room for sacks of grain."

Through Tawde I made friends of many splendid Indian students. I got to know their plight at first hand. I discovered, that badly off as Tawde might be, there were others in even worse condition. I caught him dispensing doles regularly from his meagre salary to aid the other boys, many of whom were on the verge of starvation or threatened with eviction from their rooms. How they hung on and continued their courses of study remains at once a profound mystery and an enormous tribute to their courage.

We Americans are too inclined to ride over them rough-shod, to put them down as weaklings. The natural ebullience and vitality of the Westerner make him unnecessarily and very unjustly scornful of these disciples of passive resistance. The passive attitude of the Hindu is largely due to the reflective side of his nature, born of the hot, enervating climate, which cannot be modified to any great degree by his own efforts. It is also due to his belief in Karma and Fate. Meekness and humility are the qualities which he covets for himself and admires

most when found in others. Aggressive, determined, headstrong characters are not his ideal. He will fall at the foot of an insignificant and unimportant yogi. He will travel miles and miles on foot to pay homage to an unknown religious recluse. But very rarely will he show the same enthusiasm for a Pershing or a Mussolini.

There can be no finer example of the sweetness and beauty of Indian faith than is contained in these words of Tagore's from his speech in the city of Tokio:

"In a little flower there is a living power hidden in beauty, which is more potent than a Maxim gun. I believe that in the bird's notes Nature expresses herself with a force which is greater than that revealed in the deafening roar of the cannonade. I believe that there is an ideal hovering over the earth—an ideal of that Paradise which is not the mere outcome of imagination, but the ultimate reality towards which all things are moving. I believe that this vision of Paradise is to be seen in the sunlight, in the beauty of the spring-time, and the repose of a winter morning. Everywhere in this earth the spirit of Paradise is awake and sending forth its voice. We are deaf to its call; we forget it; but the voice of eternity wells up like a mighty organ and touches the inner core of our being with its music."

About the time that Tawde received his M.A. degree from Columbia he lost his job as a messenger. A fresh streak of adversity set in. Then I received a letter.

"I have got the job of a newspaper boy with the *Home News*. I began from yesterday. Can you imagine how hard it is to climb four or five stairways of every house? Hard or easy, I must do it. I have got about fifty houses at my disposal to deliver papers.

You know that I received my M.A. degree formally from Columbia last Thursday. I do not consider it a big achievement but by informing you of this little incident, most of the credit for which is due to your friendliness, I thought I should share a part of my pleasure with you."

Vacation time came and I wanted him to have a change of scene. I got him a job in the country on the estate of a prominent editor. The household had led him to believe that they would take him in as one of the family, that his position as servant was only nominal. Tawde took them at their word. At meal-time, whilst waiting on table, he sought to relieve the monotony of their daily, uninteresting gossip about social affairs by interspersing comments on the world's news, or by positing some religious beliefs in order to evoke friendly controversy. These overtures made a very flat impression upon the editor's menage. A withering silence would greet Tawde's appearance. They taught him his place in a very few lessons. A dreary, uncomfortable vacation!

As his sojourn in America lengthened the attitude of the journalist became a familiar one to him. It ranged from cold indifference to calling him "nigger". College life was a hoax. The student body had little or no ideals. Athletics and social life were the dominant interests. The teachers, who were studying with him, proved an uninteresting, unenthusiastic lot, intent on one thing: enhancing their present position. A realization was growing in him that the West had little or nothing to offer him. What mattered a few more degrees? Empty titles, signifying so many hours in such and such subjects. They argued no culture, no strides in the art of living, no cultivation of human sympathies. The college boy was as crudely class conscious and race conscious as the rest.

His disgust deepened rapidly. He knew that a Ph.D. would add no crumb of comfort or happiness to his lot. The wisdom of living he had brought with him from the East. He could tell the professors and the priests a thing or two that was not in their books or their code.

Then came news of the frightful Amritsar massacre. Shocking details from his wife's pen. Officials, dignitaries, men he revered, men of his own race, his flesh and blood, were being made to crawl on all fours to give a British Tommy a holiday. He grew apprehensive. His wife wrote letters that unnerved him. She wrote that the virtue of an Indian woman was worth just so many rupees, nothing more.

He asked himself if it was worth while to remain. It wasn't. He made arrangements with a British steamship company to work his way back to India as a stoker. Two or three months with a fiery furnace in the deep hold of a slow-going "tramp" seemed like Paradise to him.

His friends gave him a rousing farewell reception. An English clergyman was the only outsider present. There were the usual after-dinner speeches. He spoke fervidly and eloquently of India, of his future work, of the silent revolution going on, of Mahatma Gandhi.

The next day he was to sail. He was told in abusive language that "no black agi

tators would stoke coal on their ship." A crushing blow indeed. Kind friends came to the rescue. "Passage" to England was raised. There he knew he could rely on the good graces of some Indian Prince. I received cards from Paris, Berlin, Gibraltar. He was gradually making his way to the Indies. Came at last a letter from him and his wife stating that the haven had been reached.

Many times in moments of reverie my thoughts turned to this obscure Indian student who had found so deep a place in my heart. Never had I met a man whose love for mankind was so positive and aggressive, whose adherence to truth was so unflinching and whose simplicity of life was so child-like. He had what is known as the Christ spirit.

Months elapsed but my image of Tawdy did not fade. A black-bordered letter was placed on my desk, postmarked Bombay. I opened it slowly and reluctantly.

"My Dear Henry:

"Do you still remember your old friend? Are you still anxious to know something about him and his life? I hope you are. Dear Henry, your Tawde has suffered terribly. He is unhappy. His philosophy of life does not comfort him. He has become a mere child. God help him.

"Do you remember for whom I left my course of study and ran to India? Do you know for whom I was anxious all the time that I was in America? Can you say for whom I kept my body and soul together and underwent all the difficulties in that foreign land? It was all for that one loving soul who is now lying in peace in Heaven. She was the hope of my life and I would have been perfectly happy with her under any circumstances. The time that I spent with her since my arrival in India was the happiest time that I ever had in my life. She tried to make me happy in every way possible. She was everything to me and I was everything to her. But where is she now? Can I see her any more? Henry, I miss her immensely."

"Once every thousand years
Stillness fades into a shape
That men may crucify."

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TO USWARD

GWENDOLYN B. BENNETT

Dedicated to all Negro Youth known and unknown who have a song to sing, a story to tell or a vision for the sons of earth. Especially dedicated to Jessie Fauset upon the event of her novel, "There is Confusion."

LET us be still
As ginger jars are still
Upon a Chinese shelf.
And let us be contained by
By entities of Self . . . .
Not still with lethargy and sloth,
But quiet with the pushing of our growth.
Not self-contained with smug identity
But conscious of the strength in entity.
If any have a song to sing
That's different from the rest,
Oh let them sing
Before the urgency of Youth's behest!
For some of us have songs to sing
Of jungle heat and fires,
And some of us are solemn grown
With pitiful desires,
And there are those who feel the pull
Of seas beneath the skies,
And some there be who want to croon
Of Negro lullabies.
We claim no part with racial dearth;
We want to sing the songs of birth!
And so we stand like ginger jars
Like ginger jars bound round
With dust and age;
Like jars of ginger we are sealed
By nature's heritage.
But let us break the seal of years
With pungent thrusts of song,
For there is joy in long-dried tears
For whetted passions of a throng!

National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE, PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 25-JULY 2

THE preparations for the Philadelphia Conference are rapidly maturing. This meeting bids fair to be the most interesting and largest of the annual conferences that have preceded it. Already a number of speakers of national reputation have accepted invitations to address the conference and a number of new features are being worked out which not only will make the meetings of great interest to those who attend but will as well focus the attention of the country on the deliberations at Philadelphia. One of these is the giving of an entire day to the achievements of the Negro in the fields of literature, music and others of the arts. On this day will be heard some of the greatest artists the Negro has given to the world. Another feature will be the excursion to Atlantic City on Saturday, June 28th. Early on the morning of that day a special train will carry all the delegates and members who attend the conference from Philadelphia to Atlantic City, Playground of the World. The day will be given over to recreation; in the afternoon a public meeting will be held; at night a reception will be tendered the visitors by the Atlantic City Branch, and the party will return to Philadelphia by special train that night. Already parties are being formed in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other nearby cities to take this trip with the delegates.

Especially important are the subjects to be discussed at Philadelphia. Included will be discussions by experts on the Negro in industry, particularly important because of the migration now under way; the Negro as a political factor in American life, significant because of the great unrest now being manifested by colored voters just prior to the fall elections; the rising tide of discrimination resulting from the propaganda of the Ku Klux Klan and other anti-Negro bodies; Pan-Africa, when Dr. Locke will tell of his recent trip to Africa; the fight against the mob and other topics of vital interest. All of these will be treated practically instead of the usual method of bombastic and empty talk-fests. Last year at Kansas City the results of years of training were made evident when the delegates and members talked to the point almost without exception. Even more will this be evidenced at Philadelphia. Another plan tried at Kansas City so successfully will be used this year—that of placing the conference in the hands of the delegates. At Kansas City this plan resulted in more work accomplished than ever before. The sessions moved with a vigor that made them delightful to attend. It is expected that at Philadelphia the sessions will be even more productive of concrete results.

The largest mass meeting of the conference will probably be that on Sunday afternoon, June 29th, at the Metropolitan Opera House which seats about five thousand persons. This meeting will be addressed by three of the most prominent speakers in American life. Their names will be announced later through THE CRISIS and the press.

All of the local committees have been appointed—in fact, have been functioning since January. Philadelphia is determined to out-do Kansas City in welcoming the delegates and members from all over the United States who plan attending the conference. All persons who are interested in the problems which the N. A. A. C. P. is attacking are cordially invited to meet with us at Philadelphia. Those who plan to attend are urged to notify the Philadelphia Branch, Isadore Martin, President, 6 North 42nd Street, as soon as possible in order that adequate arrangements may be made for accommodating comfortably all who will attend.

THE SPINGARN MEDAL

NOMINATIONS are now open for the Spingarn Medal which is to be awarded at the Philadelphia Conference at the

session on Monday evening, June 30th. It is expected that the medal will be presented by a prominent state official of Pennsylvania. The medal is presented annually "to the man or woman of African descent and American citizenship, who shall have made the highest achievement during the preceding year or years in any honorable field of human endeavor." Nominations for the award should be sent to Walter White, Secretary of the Spingarn Medal Award Committee at 69 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

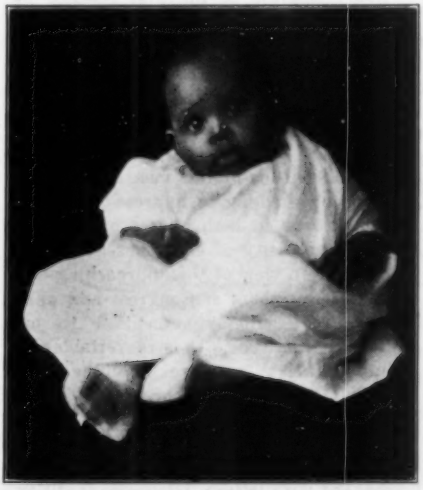
Bishop John Hurst is Chairman of the Award Committee, and the other members are Oswald Garrison Villard, John Hope, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, James H. Dillard, Theadore Roosevelt and W. E. B. DuBois.

The winners of the award since 1915, the year in which J. E. Spingarn began the giving of the medal, have been Prof. E. E. Just, the late Colonel Charles Young, Harry T. Burleigh, William Stanley Braithwaite, Archibald H. Grimke, Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, Charles S. Gilpin, the late Mrs. Mary B. Talbert, and George W. Carver

BABY CONTESTS

THE holding of Baby Contests by N. A. A. C. P. Branches has met with extraordinary success. Following the lead of the Jersey City Branch which held such a contest last November, raising $414.75 which enabled them to pay their apportionment for that year, other branches have followed suit with great success. In February, branches at Chickasha and Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; and at Dayton, Ohio, held very successful contests and in March, Springfield and Urbana, Ohio, did likewise. At the present time other contests are being held in Indianapolis; Kansas City, Missouri; Kansas City, Kansas; Topeka; Omaha; Covington; Kentucky; Akron, and Lima, Ohio. The Dayton contest resulted in the raising of $749 of which they generously contributed to the National Office $667. Oklahoma City came next, raising $476 and sending the National Office $300. Springfield, Ohio, raised $320, sending the National Office $184. Duluth raised $305.90. Urbana raised $128.61 and has sent the National Office thus far $75. Chickasha raised through the contest $106.67, sending the National Office $60.

BOBBIE FELIZA HOLMES



JEWEL THOMASINE EDWARDS

The Dayton contest has already been told of in the April issue of THE CRISIS. Dr. S. C. Snelson, President of the Oklahoma City Branch, writes in part as follows:

"We have just concluded our six weeks Popular Baby Contest realizing a little over $476. There was never a better spirit of rivalry and harmony in any contest. I am enclosing herewith a check for $300; $200 is towards meeting the Peabody offer and $100 is in full payment of our apportionment. Nearly seven thousand tickets were printed—a different color for each baby and its name on it. Tickets were sold at five cents each. This contest aroused an interest in the Association never before realized and proved a better means of getting money than anything ever yet attempted."

The winning babies and the amounts raised are:

First Prize—Bobbia F. Holmes, $130.20.
Second Prize—Jewel T. Edwards, $130.00.
Third Prize—Eugene D. Jones, $82.80.

Consolation prizes of one dollar each were given to the next three babies who were Gloria Ethel Brown, $48.81; Robert J. Walker, $46.00; and Theodore Watson, Jr., $31.30. These three immediately returned the dollars becoming full-fledged members of the N. A. A. C. P.

The National Office would like very much to be able to publish the photographs of all the prize winning babies in all of these contests. Unfortunately, our space is so limited that that is impossible. We therefore present herewith of the Oklahoma City babies the pictures of Bobbia Holmes who won first prize and of Jewel Edwards in that the margin between first and second choices was but four votes.

Susan B. Evans, Secretary of the Duluth Branch writes the National Office:

". . . You will no doubt be interested to know that our Baby Contest succeeded beyond our wildest expectations. The winning baby, Celia Henry, brought in $139.70; the second prize baby, Joseph Glenn, brought in $80.50; the third baby, Billy Maupin brought in $35; Marjorie Kelly, $20.70; Edgar Turner Dew, $20.70; Betty Rodney, $6.40; Burlin LaBroir, $1.90; and Baby Starling, $1.00; a total of $305.90."

A number of the branches have, through this means, paid already their entire apportionment for the year 1924.

THE DYER BILL MOVES TOWARDS PASSAGE

NATIONAL legislation has been held in abeyance while Congressional probers were inquiring into the various scandals connected with oil leases, the Veterans' Bureau, the Department of Justice and the taking of bribes by members of the House of Representatives. The N. A. A. C. P., however, has been persistently working for passage of the Dyer Bill, H. R. 1, and preparing for renewal of its aggressive campaign as soon as this measure could be brought out of committee.

As has been published, the Judiciary Committee of the House reported the bill favorably on January 10th. On January 21st Mr. Dyer introduced a resolution asking for a rule to give the bill immediate consideration. This resolution has been pending since in the Committee on Rules despite strenuous efforts to secure action upon it. The membership of that committee is:

Bertrand H. Snell, of New York, Chairman
Royal C. Johnson, of South Dakota
Thomas D. Schall, of Minnesota
Frank D. Scott, of Michigan
John M. Nelson, of Wisconsin
Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio
Harry J. Bixler, of Pennsylvania
Allen F. Moore, of Illinois
Edward W. Pou, of North Carolina
Finis J. Garrett, of Tennessee
William B. Bankhead, of Alabama
John J. O'Connor, of New York

It is hoped that by the time this issue of THE CRISIS reaches its readers the Rules Committee will have acted upon the resolution which would bring the Anti-Lynching Bill before the House for debate and a vote. In the event that committee has not acted readers are urged to write, or better, telegraph one or more of these congressmen urging immediate action upon the resolution.

On March 21st the press announced there would be held on that evening at the White House a conference between the President and Republican leaders in both houses of the Congress to determine on the measures the Administration would try to pass during the remainder of the present session of Congress. The National Office thereupon wired President Coolidge and each of the senators and congressmen known to be favorable to the bill who were attending the conference, urging that the Dyer Bill be placed among those measures to be pushed. Several of these men replied, included the President through his secretary and Congressman Martin B. Madden of Illinois who wrote:

"Your telegram of the 21st reached me in due time and in accordance with your suggestion I took the matter of the Dyer Bill up at the White House Conference that evening. I am in hopes we will be able to get it up for consideration a little later on after the appropriations bills are disposed of."

The N. A. A. C. P. is urging all colored people and friends of this measure designed to wipe out lynching to impress upon their representatives in both houses of the Congress the necessity of early passage of the Dyer Bill. In view of the approaching elections these members of Congress and party leaders are peculiarly susceptible to suggestions at this time. It is regrettable that a humanitarian measure like the Anti-Lynching Bill must be considered in this light, yet it is true beyond doubt that no measures are passed solely because they are worthy of passage. Congress must be bombarded with letters, telegrams, petitions

and personal calls that those who make our laws may know how strong is the demand for the passage *now* of the Dyer Bill.

BRANCH APPORTIONMENTS

AT the start of each calendar year the National Office carefully estimates the cost of each phase of its work for the year. It subtracts from that total the amount it can expect to raise through contributions to the National Office, benefits, special campaigns, and public meetings. The sum left is then apportioned among the branches, the amount to each branch being computed on the size of the city in which it is located, its colored and friendly white population, its geographical location, its activities in former years in supporting the National work. Each branch is then asked if the amount allotted to it is satisfactory; if too small, it can be increased; if too large, it can be lowered. When the branches indicate what portion of the national budget they will guarantee, the National Office then proceeds to work out the plans for the tasks it will undertake during that year.

For the year 1924 the branches have been very prompt as a whole in accepting apportionments assigned to them. On April 1st 147 branches or 41.1 per cent of the 357 branches listed as "active" had accepted apportionments totalling $28,200. To those branches which have not indicated as yet to the National Office whether or not the apportionments given will be raised, the National Office urges an immediate meeting of the officers and executive committee to settle this question, following the decision with prompt notification of the National Office of that decision. Upon all the branches is urged the early raising of their apportionment and remittance to the National Office. In this manner will the work both locally and nationally be given great impetus.

ANNUAL LEGAL DEFENSE FUND

ONE of the results of the Kansas City Conference in 1923 was the formation of a committee of women, eventually to number one hundred or more, each of whom agrees to raise each year at least $100 towards a legal defense fund to aid the N. A. A. C. P. in securing justice for colored people accused of crime and who are being denied that justice because of their race. Mrs. Myrtle Foster Cook of Kansas City, Mo., is National Chairman of this committee and Mrs. Beatrice L. Chiles of Kansas City, Kans., is secretary. Miss Eva M. Shonts of Chicago gave $100 as her contribution. Mrs. Cora J. Carter of St. Louis has to date raised $168.24. Mrs. B. S. Smith of Minneapolis is second with $124.30. Mrs. W. R. Grainger of Newark is third with $107.00; Mrs. Harry E. Davis of Cleveland is fourth with $100.00; tied with her is Miss Shonts; Mrs. Ruth Bennett of Chester, Pa., is next with $54.00; and Mrs. Sadie E. Stockton of New York follows with $52.00, making a total to date of $777.10 which has been forwarded to the National Office. To these and others who are working or who will work this year the National Office extends its thanks for this appreciated assistance.

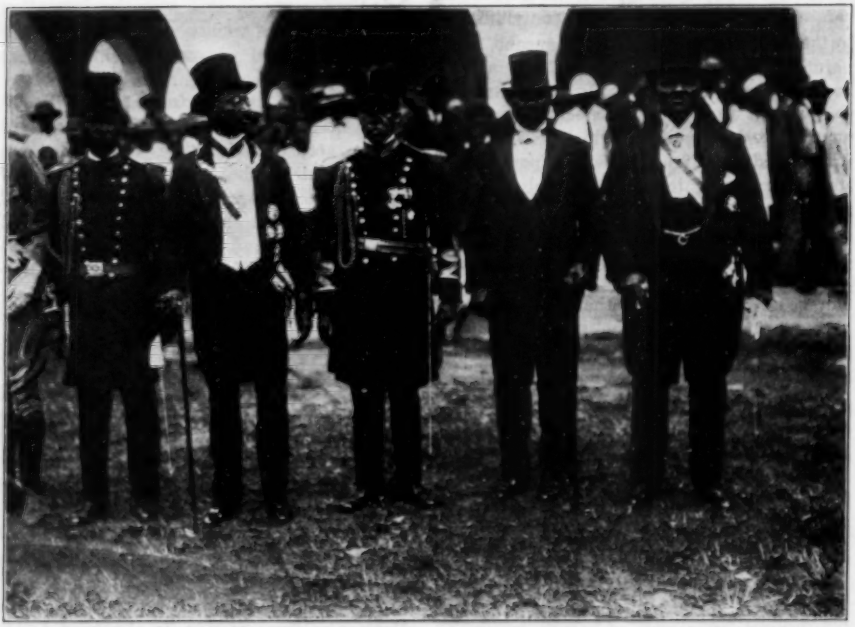
It is the hope of the committee that the fund will be raised completely before the Philadelphia Conference is held.

SONG FOR A SUICIDE

LANGSTON HUGHES

OH, the sea is deep
And a knife is sharp
And a poison acid burns;
But they all bring rest
In a deep, long sleep
For which the tired soul yearns—
They all bring rest in a nothingness
From where no road returns.

The Horizon



PRESIDENT KING OF LIBERIA, HIS AIDES, VICE-PRESIDENT TWO AND THE RETIRING VICE-PRESIDENT

¶ The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History finds that one seventh of the Negroes in this country were free prior to 1865 and that in 1830 four thousand five hundred of the free Negroes owned slaves. Usually the ownership was a matter of philanthropy and meant owning members of their own families.

¶ All graduates and former students of Clark University, Atlanta, Ga., are earnestly desired to send their addresses and year of graduation or attendance to the Field Agent immediately.

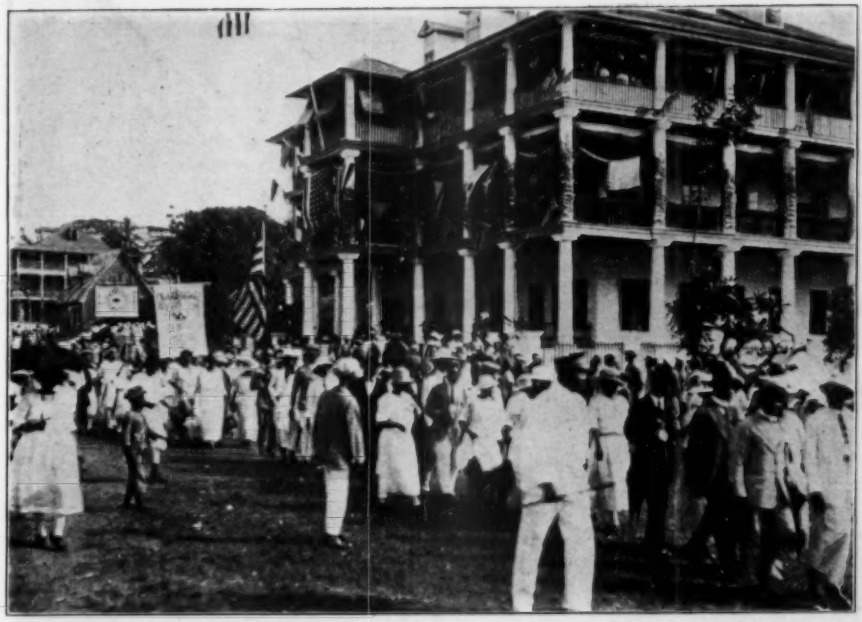
¶ A "National Association of Wage Earners" has been organized by Miss Nannie H. Burroughs of Washington, Mrs. Mary M. Bethune of Florida, Mrs. Maggie L. Walker of Richmond and others.

¶ Lieutenant Herbert Julian, a colored aviator has been flying and lecturing in New York and Boston.

¶ A dinner to Jessie Fauset and the younger writers was given by the Writers' Guild at the Civic Club, New York. Among the speakers were Carl Van Doren, Alain Locke, Walter White, Charles S. Johnson James Weldon Johnson and Dr. Du Bois. Poems were read by Countée Cullen and Gwendolyn Bennett.

¶ A large number of colored and white patrons listened to Maude Cuney Hare and William H. Richardson at Richmond, Va., recently. They also appeared on the program of the Music Lovers Club, at Steinert Hall, Boston.

¶ Two prominent colored women, Mrs. Bertha E. Stewart and Mrs. Mable Hendrickson of Asbury Park were recently arrested because they attended the public show of the Asbury Park business men.



THE EXECUTIVE MANSION, MONROVIA

¶ Mrs. Milton A. Francis of Washington is treasurer of "The Ladies Service Group" of the N. A. A. C. P. In the last four years, the twelve members of this group have contributed more than a thousand dollars to the N. A. A. C. P. Mrs. Francis has also been interested in juvenile protection and in presenting artists like Roland Hayes, Marian Anderson, Abbie Mitchell and others. Mrs. Francis is the wife of Dr. Milton A. Francis of the old and well-known Washington family.

¶ At the General Conference which will be held in May in Springfield, Massachusetts, Mrs. H. R. Walker of Morristown, Tennessee, will be a delegate.

Mrs. H. R. Walker Mrs. Beatrice Francis

¶ Dr. Arthur D. Butler, a graduate of Atlanta University and the Northwestern Medical School and head of a hospital at Evanston, Ill., is dead.

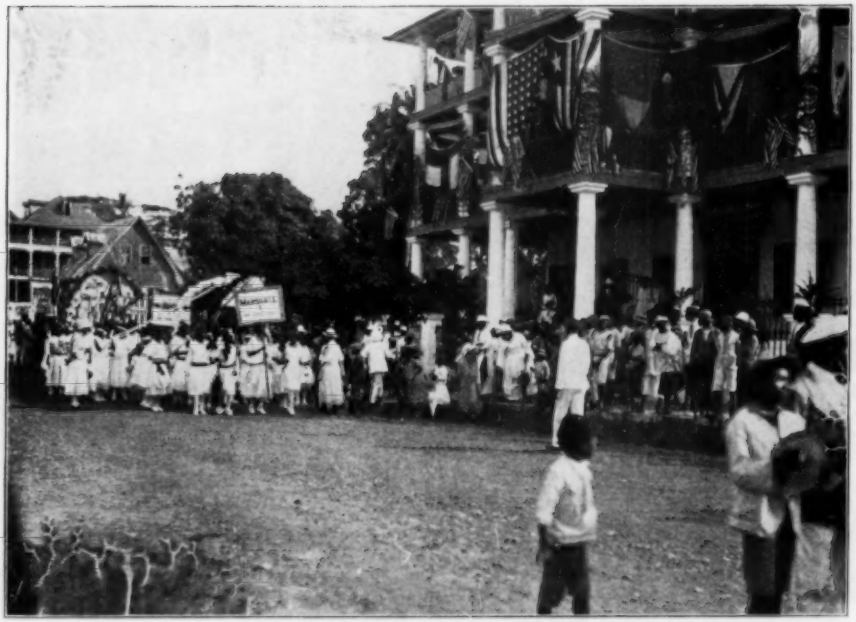
¶ Bishop J. C. Martin of the Colored A. M. E. Church was fined in Arkansas for riding in a Pullman car.

¶ James T. Hewlett has been given the bachelor's degree in Harvard having completed a four year course in three and one-half years. He specialized in biology and chemistry and was undergraduate student advisor. He has worked in the post office during his course.

¶ The General Conference of the African M. E. Zion church meets in Indianapolis in May. The General Conference of the African M. E. Church meets in Louisville the same month.

¶ Representatives of Pullman porters and maids have been in session in Chicago representing 10,000 persons. They secured a twelve per cent increase in pay from the company, improvements in hours and working conditions and over-time payment for preparatory work and late trains.

¶ The Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity and

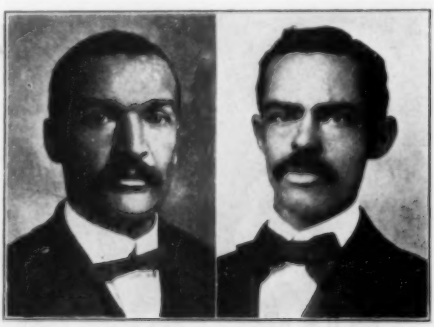


THE EXECUTIVE MANSION, MONROVIA

the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority are both celebrating the week of May fourth to eleventh by encouraging education. The Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity has fifty chapters and two thousand five hundred members and this year marks its fifth annual campaign. They are going to use placards, posters, pamphlets and the radio.

¶ John Wesley Gilbert was born in 1865 at Hephzibah, Ga., the son of Gabriel and Sarah Gilbert. He received his schooling in the public schools of Augusta, Paine College and Brown University. At this last institution he won, on account of his distinction in Greek, a scholarship in the American School of Classics at Athens, Greece, the first colored person in America to have been awarded such a scholarship. While at Athens, he wrote a thesis on "The Demes of Attica" which is still in the library of that school. This thesis brought him his Master's Degree. From Athens he travelled widely, wandering through the Grecian Archipelago and many of the places made famous by St. Paul in his writings. From his studies in Greece, he went to the University of Berlin and then returned home to read Hebrew under the late, famous Dr. Harper of the University of Chicago. For years he was a member of the Philological Association of America. In spite of his theological fame, he took up teaching in Paine College where he taught for twenty-five years with the exception of two years which he spent doing missionary work in Africa. In 1918, in Chicago, the General Conference organized the Sunday School Department and made Dr. Gilbert the first Sunday School Editor. Unfortunately, not long after this, his health broke down and he became an invalid for nearly four years, dying in 1923 at his home in Augusta, Ga.

¶ F. S. Fitts is a lawyer at Winston-Salem, North Carolina. He is a graduate of Shaw



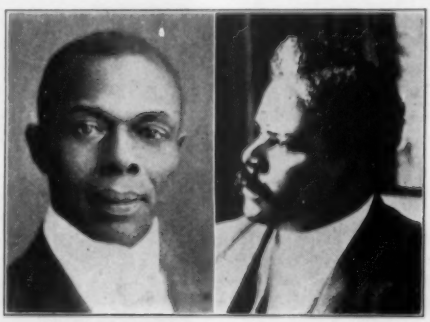
Dr. J. W. Gilbert Atty. J. S. Fitts

"OEDIPUS TYRANNUS" AT HAMPTON

and has practiced for thirty years; he organized the first Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythias, in North Carolina. He is worth about thirty thousand dollars and has a home and family.

¶ At Hampton Institute—Sophocles' "Oedipus Tyrannus" has been represented before an audience of 2,000. Students painted and set the stage, performed the parts and composed the chorus. John K. Paine's musical score was given on the organ. A. E. Jackson of Alabama played the part of Oedipus and Emmy B. Churchill of Baltimore played Jocasta.

¶ Everett B. Jones is a chemist. He was born at Tallahassee, Florida, in 1875, and was graduated at the Florida State N & I College at Tallahassee in 1895. He taught school for four years and then entered Colgate Academy, New York, and in 1901 entered Colgate University. In his sophomore year he was appointed laboratory assistant in the Department of Chemistry and throughout his course majored in chemistry and biology. He was awarded the class prize in German, the second prize in debating and was graduated in 1905 with highest honors. He also received the Phi Beta Kappa key. He is at present instructor in chemistry at his Florida Alma Mater and is president of the General Alumni Association.



Everett B. Jones Dr. M. A. Shaw

¶ The Rev. Matthew A. N. Shaw who recently died in Boston, was born in 1870 in Jamaica. He was trained at Calabar College and migrated to America. He was for twenty-four years pastor of the Twelfth Baptist Church in Boston. Along with his ministerial work he also practiced medicine. He married a daughter of the late Harvey Johnson of Baltimore and leaves four children. He was president of the Equal Rights League of America.

¶ Four colored people from New Jer-

MASONIC ORPHANAGE AT AMERICUS, GA.

sey are in the Hiram Johnson campaign. Mrs. Mollie Langford is candidate for alternate-delegate-at-large, Mrs. Marguerite Cheeks is candidate for alternate in the Ninth Congressional District, and Windfield Forrest Cozart is delegate-at-large to the Cleveland Convention.

¶ The Masonic Orphan Home at Americus, Ga., was established in 1898 for the purpose of supporting dependent children of deceased members of the Order. Each member of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Georgia, pays annually 40 cents for the maintenance of the home; the institution is wholly supported by this contribution. The children are taught domestic science and agriculture. Nearly all the foodstuffs is raised on a campus of 28 acres. The Manager of the home is Dr. H. R. Butler under whose leadership Butler Hall, a $40,000 three-story brick building with all modern improvements, has just been erected. Mr. Sol. C. Johnson and Mrs. Viola E. H. Felton, two able executives of the Eastern Star of Georgia, raised $14,000 in two years to furnish the boys' Dormitory. Professor S. S. Humbert is superintendent of the home and Mrs. L. M. Humbert is matron and teacher.

¶ John B. Ford, a pullman porter, has

WINFIELD F. COZART

THE HEAD OF THE INAUGURAL PROCESSION, LIBERIA, JAN., 1924

been lecturing before a class of Economics at Dartmouth.

¶ Joseph Alonzo Berry of Charleston, South Carolina, a graduate of Fisk University and of the University of Chicago, has just received his Doctor's Degree in Medicine from

J. B. FORD

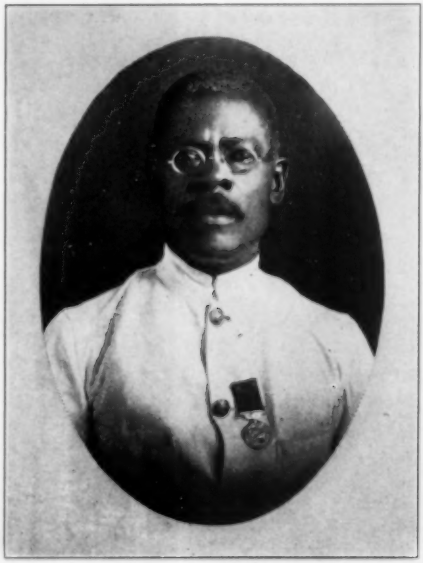
DR. JOSEPH A. BERRY

OLD CHARLES STREET CHURCH

Rush Medical College. Dr. Berry is Vice-President of the Intercollegiate Club of Chicago and a member of the Omega Psi Phi fraternity.

¶ The famous old Charles Street M. E. Church of Boston, which is now occupied by the A. M. E. Church is in process of being moved ten feet in order to widen Charles Street. The church was built in 1807 at a cost of $27,000. The cost of moving the church even this short distance will call for an expenditure of $40,000.

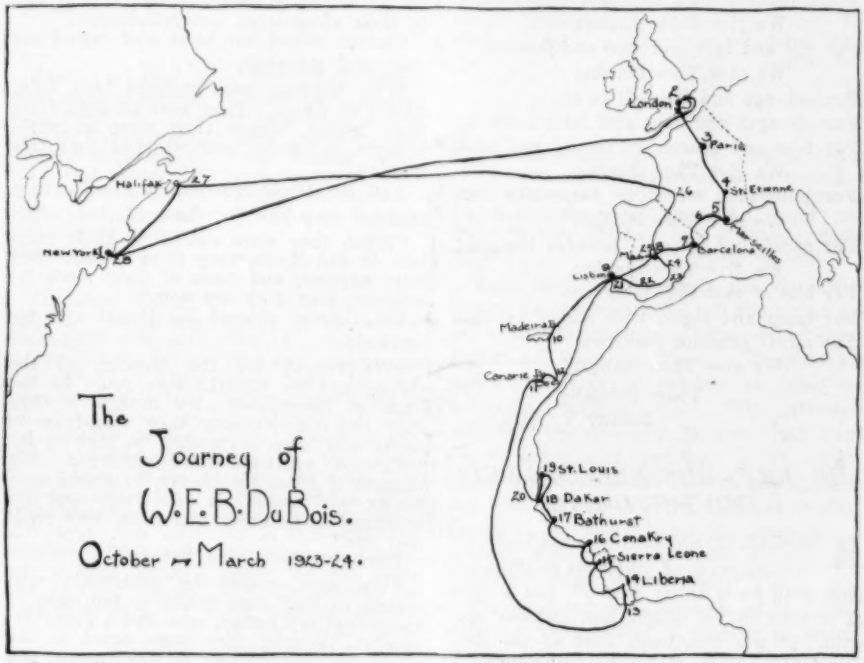
¶ The Order of the British Empire, a new honor established since the war, has been bestowed upon Alexander Brown, a Jamaican employed in the British Legation at Panama.



ALEXANDER BROWN

¶ A splendid instance of Community response and co-operation in the interest of the Cleveland Branch of the N. A. A. C. P. was recently shown when "Ye Buz Fuz" Club gave a benefit Whist and Five Hundred Tournament on Washington's Birthday at Sojack's Academy. Seventy-five tables were set and over forty prizes which had been donated by friends were distributed and $197 realized.

The Looking Glass



1. I leave New York October 28, 1923.
2. I land in London November 6.
   I hold the first session of the Third Pan-African Congress, November 7, 8.
3. I meet the local committee of the Third Pan African Congress.
4. I visit Consul and Mrs. Hunt at St. Etienne.
5. I see Marseilles.
6. J'ai vu Carcassonne.
7. Barcelona.
8. Madrid.
9. I arrive in Lisbon, November 30.
   I hold the Second Session of the Third Pan African Congress, December 1, 2.
10. I arrive in Madeira, December 14.
11. I arrive in Las Palmas.
12. I arrive in Teneriffe.
13. I land in Monrovia, Liberia, December 22.
    I am appointed Envoy Extraordinary, December 29.
    I am presented to the President and receive the diplomatic corps.
    The President is inaugurated January 7, 1924.
14. I visit the interior.
    I leave Liberia, January 22.
15. I visit Sierra Leone, January 24-30.
16. I visit Conakry, January 31.
17. I visit Bathurst, Gambia, Feebruary 1.
18. I arrive in Dakar, French Senegal, February 2.
19. I visit St. Louis and Goree.
20. I leave Dakar and Africa, February 13.
21. I arrive in Oporto, Portugual, in time to miss my boat, February 21.
22. In Seville.
23. In the Alhambra, the mighty master-piece of the Moors.
24. In Cordova.
25. In Madrid.
26. I leave Bordeaux on the Roussillon, March 6.
    The Roussillon performs in mid-ocean.
27. We touch at Halifax, Brrh!
28. I land in New York, March 19.

LITERATURE

COUNTEE P. CULLEN has won distinction not for himself only but for the American Negro by his remarkable prize poem. In my judgment it ranks with the best ballads of the masters—with Scott's, Morris's, and Rossetti's. Ballad artistry, tragic power, dramatic situation, fluent verse speeding forward to the mournful end, flawless diction,—these qualities combine to make it a work of consummate art.

And now to this comment on Cullen's poem let me add one on another which came to me as a Thanksgiving Poem on a card from its author, Raymond G. Dandridge of Cincinnati. You know that Dandridge although a bed-fast paralytic for these last fifteen years has been an active worker for the N. A. A. C. P. It was through his affliction that he discovered the silent poet in himself. And a poet he is. His little

book of verse, The Poet and Other Poems, is proof. His Thanksgiving Poem, which is the noblest expression of sentiment appropriate to that season that I have met with this year, is as follows:

"For spreading plain and peak that towers,
We give Thee thanks;
"For sun and rain and food and flowers,
We give Thee thanks;
"For courage and the will to do,
"For strength and hope and faith anew,
"For love and friendship strong and true,
We give Thee thanks;
"For pain that serves to purge the soul,
We give Thee thanks;
"For cares that raise us towards the goal,
We give Thee thanks;
"For bits of rest that intervene
"For tears and sighs, with smiles between
"For all, O gracious Nazarene
We give Thee thanks."

Yours cordially,
ROBERT T. KERLIN.

THE REV. RUSSELL CONWELL AND THE DEVIL

RUSSELL CONWELL who has been cultivating acres of diamonds in Philadelphia until he is fairly well off, had a devil of a time in his pulpit last October seventh. It was this way: Just as the Reverend Russell popped into his pulpit, in popped the Devil also. Mr. Conwell is a perfect gentleman so he said nothing, but quietly edged the Devil over to one side and partially covered him with his nice new clerical gown of stiff satin. Was the devil abashed? Not he. Out he popped on the other side. And would you believe it? No sooner had Russell blurted out a bit of gospel on the left than out popped a bit of deviltry on the right. And no sooner did the Reverend Doctor get right than the irreverent Devil threw in a left handed phrase that spoiled everything. Worst of all the audience could not see the Devil for that silk gown and thought the sermon was Conwell's. But it was not—O no. It was his and the Devil's and mostly the latter's.

The Reverend Russell Conwell started off well with his text: "Then Peter opened his mouth and said:

Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons. But in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted of him."

Then he added, speaking of Negroes:

"They lack education, and they lack the opportunity to get it."

But the Devil hopped to the left and said:

"We must recognize the fact that the colored people as a race do not come up to the white race in their educational progress, or their educational accomplishments."

Conwell wiped his brow and raised his voice and declared:

"The Negroes were brought here from Africa as slaves. They were brought from their homes, where they were stolen,—brought in chains and whipped into this country."

And the Devil retorted in a voice that sounded very like Dr. Conwell's:

"When they were owned by their masters in the South they lived longer, they were happier, and some of them more intelligent than they are now."

Dr. Conwell cleared his throat and remarked:

"We fought for the freedom of the slaves, and we thought they could be the equal of the whites. We thought if they only had their liberty they would go to school and have a standing as high in intelligence as the white children. We thought if given his liberty, he would earn money and would do his duty,—put up buildings and houses and enter into civilized life."

Here the Devil interrupted:

"We were misled by extremists who taught us that such would be the case. I know that my father, who was a great extremist, thought they were equal to the white people anywhere in intelligence, and only needed the opportunity for education."

But Dr. Conwell insisted:

"But all were ignorant at the end of the War,—all were poor, and they were led around by dishonest men, by scheming politicians,—many of them, I am sorry to say, from the North."

And the Devil added in a loud whisper:

"And they were a menace to the world. and especially to the peace of the United States. Then was organized the Ku Klux Klan."

And now it was a race between Conwell and the Devil.

CONWELL

But the colored people, when they came North into a State like Pennsylvania find themselves restored a g a i n to those rights, they seek it because of the desire to have the name, and the privilege that goes with a free ballot. They are not treated

CONWELL	DEVIL
here as they are in the Southern States.	—though I sympathize with the Southern States in their methods.
There is also a high class of colored population in the City of Philadelphia, —many of them having lived here for many years. We ought not to push them down because they are black.	The colored people should be compelled to keep clean, live on clean streets, keep their houses clean, and especially keep themselves clean.
Therefore, we cannot, as Christians distinguish with partiality between black and white. They must be equal before God, and before us equal so far as their rights are concerned. The Constitution and the Declaration of Independence are still true and still popular. "All men are created equal" and we must not regard their race.	It is a great calamity to our educational institutions that our children are held back by the more ignorant classes of colored children, sitting alongside of the white child. We must give these colored children the opportunity to be educated, but the time is coming when we will have separate schools for the colored people, as they do in Baltimore, and as they do in all the Southern States.
We must welcome them to our churches and to our church services.—	—Wherever we can consistently do so.
The number of cases of typhoid fever spreading from the homes of Negroes,—	—into the homes of the white population is appalling.
So that Amendment to the Constitution, which we said should be kept, and every colored man be allowed to vote, was practically nullified (in the South) and it remains so now.	We must not encourage so many to come up from the Southern States where they were better off than they are here.
We have no right to send missionaries to China and Japan and India when there are perhaps 25,000 colored people right at our very doors that need the Gospel preached to them.	They must be given work where they can work profitably to the community, as well as to their employer and to themselves. The white people should do the work that they are most fitted and leave to the Negro that work which he can do to the best advantage.
America should receive only the men and women it can digest, and the same thing is true of the city.	We must so digest them as to maintain the highest order of morality, and the love of man, and the worship of God.

Right here Mr. Conwell and the Devil having become reconciled left the pulpit together and the choir sang "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow". We note too in the *Temple Review* whence we culled the foregoing sermon that: "Dr. Conwell preached two splendid sermons last Sunday to large congregations. In the morning he preached on the 'Importance of Holding Fast to the Bible in Spite of Higher Critics'. In the evening he preached a forcible sermon on the 'Life of the late Honorable John Wanamaker'."

We could not get a likeness of Mr. Conwell, but we are glad to present a picture of the devil.

PREJUDICE

ONCE in a while a white Y. M. C. A. wakes up and sees straight. The Executive Secretary of the Central Branch Y. M. C. A., Brooklyn, which does not admit Negro members, writes in their weekly:

Some months ago a Negro lawyer in addressing a jury said: "You can't have an idea what it means to be a Negro in these days—the ignominy of it. If every Negro could put every dime, every penny that he has earned into the sea, and if he might get in exchange the knowledge that he was somebody, that he meant something in the world, and that he would have the respect of the world, he would do it gladly. The black man does not live who does not hope that his children may be established in a settled business, who does not pray that this curtain of hell and hate may some day be lifted from his children. I hope it for my children; so does every black man for his."

Can anything be more dramatic or pa-

thetic than this? Is it not a shame and disgrace that in Christian America, "the land of the free and the home of the brave," where every man is supposed to have an equal chance, there should be any group of people who for reasons for which they are in no way responsible, should be ostracized, subjected to all kinds of humiliating experiences, and denied the privilege of taking their place in society and in business on an equal footing with their fellows?

* * * * * * * * * * *

By what right do we claim superiority over any other race? Birth is purely an accident, and we all sprung from the same source. As children of a common Father, we glory in the fact that God is no respecter of persons, and yet we, his children, assume to regard ourselves superior to others, and subject to others, and subject them to the worst sort of ignominy and humiliation. I am reminded of the words of Jesus: "Who so shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the midst of the sea."

THE NEGRO PRESS

IN the colored press we note three interesting editorials:

Fifty-two editors of Negro newspapers are said to have attended a conference of the National Negro Press Association held at Atlanta, Ga., a few weeks ago, and in one of its executive sessions are said to have adopted resolutions to stand "squarely" behind capital in this country "to the end that we may continue the economic development set in motion during the last five years." They further went on record as "condemning all forms of Unionism and economic Radicalism." We would have liked as a matter of interesting study to have been present to hear upon what possible logical deduction such a damn fool resolution was put through by the representatives of Negro readers drawn entirely from the labor masses in a country and under a civilization where the wage earner would have long ago sunk into a condition worse than slavery had it not been for the ever watchful eye and mailed fist of the labor organizations of the country.—*Fraternal News* (N. Y.)

A Negro has been nominated for alderman of the Eighth Ward. Where once a similar nomination came as a mark of personal favor, and another time it originated within our own group, this time it is the Republican party that has granted the request of the voters for a man of their own. This is a big step forward. It is a step in the direction of representative government. It will be good for the white no less than for the colored citizens. Whatever promotes mutual relations, makes for general prosperity.

This nomination is achieved in 1924 with practically no differences within our group about its wisdom, where in 1922 men who were delegates then just as they are now, favored a white aldermanic nominee. Both races have broadened their vision. Both have helped to advance the commonwealth by establishing in practice what has been just a theory.—*Kansas City Call.*

If Negro teachers are not competent to teach the required curricula for the highest and best public education, at whose door does the fault lie? If Virginia colored pupils are not sufficiently trained for the highest and best citizenship, is not the State of Virginia responsible? On the alleged theory of Negro intellectual incapacity obstructed remedial measures. Has not that lion skin of excuses been snatched from the public jackasses of Virginia?

Undoubtedly the present and principal reason for keeping the Negro teachers from the highest class of preparation is to keep them from receiving higher pay. As long as they are professionally unfit, they can be forced to work for a beggar's tip in the name of a salary. The Administration "officials" are not satisfied at diverting the per capita funds from the Negro schools for the white schools, and over crowding the class rooms of Negro schools, and putting thirty and more pupils on Negro teachers than on the white teachers, but they will even go further, they will rob the Negro teachers of their pay in order to pay the white teachers.—*St. Luke's Herald (Va.)*

THE NEGRO ON THE STAGE

SAYS Nathan in *The American Mercury:*

Up to eight or nine years ago, it is doubtful if, in the entire range of the American drama, there was to be found a single authentic Negro character. The Negro of drama was then either of the white wool wig and kidney pain species, given to excessive hobbling, many a "Yas, yas, massa, I'se a-comin'," and a comic line on his every exit, or of the species that was essentially a mere blacked-up Caucasian minstrel end man in a cutaway coat three sizes too large for him and a snowy toupée who was rather dubiously transformed into a dramatic character by giving him one scene in which he taught little Frieda and Otto how to say their prayers and another in which he apologetically shuffled into his master's library when the mortgage on the latter's old Southern estate was about to be foreclosed by the Northern villain and, with tears in his eyes and a quaver in his voice, informed him that, come what might, he would stick to him until he was daid. It is further doubtful if up to eight or nine years ago there was on the American stage a single Negro character under fifty years of age. In the dramatic credo of the antecedent epoch it was an invariable doctrine that no Negro existed who did not have white hair and the misery in his back, and who had not been in the employ of the same family since boyhood. Those stage Ethiops were a peculiar lot, as far removed from the

American Negro of actuality as the raisonneurs of Galsworthy are removed from the raisonneurs of Viennese musical comedy. Now and again a playwright would come along and try to break from the established tradition, but the best he seemed to be able to negotiate was, as in Edward Sheldon's case, a partly blacked-up Sardou, or, in Thomas Dixon's, a melodramatic lay figure who served as the pursued animal in a fox hunt by the Ku Klux Klan. The effort to look under the old superficial burnt cork is a very recent one.

* * *

And this is the scene that in Eugene O'Neill's play, "All God's Chillun Got Wings", that started the pother. It appears in *The American Mercury:*

ELLA—[*Brightly*] Well, it's all over, Jim. Everything'll be all right now. [*Chattering along*] I'll be just your little girl, Jim—and you'll be my little boy—just as we used to be, remember, when we were beaux; and I'll put shoe blacking on my face and pretend I'm black and you can put chalk on your face and pretend you're white just as we used to do—and we can play marbles—Only you mustn't all the time be a boy. Sometimes you must be my old kind Uncle Jim who's been with us for years and years. Will you, Jim?

JIM—[*With utter resignation*] Yes, Honey.

ELLA—And you'll never, never, never, never leave me, Jim?

JIM—Never, Honey.

ELLA—'Cause you're all I've got in the world—and I love you, Jim. [*She kisses his hand as a child might, tenderly and gratefully.*]

The New York *Evening World* has this spasm:

A play dealing with such a marriage of a white woman and colored man is in rehearsal in New York City, the parts of the principals being played by persons of the sex and races indicated. That is to say, an act which is illegal in more than half the nation and is disapproved in the entire country is to be represented in a manner indicating approval in a public theatre. . . .

To the above, Lester Walton adds this delicate and juicy morsel:

"When Helen MacKellar was offered the part of a white girl who marries a Negro in 'All God's Chillun Got Wings,' she is said to have accepted the rôle for the forthcoming production at the Provincetown Theatre on condition that a white actor and burnt cork play opposite her. When she was told that it was intended to have a real Negro fill the bill she retired without more ado while there was yet time."

We wonder if the *Evening World* objects to this, reported to *Unity* by an eye-witness, or where Helen would walk if she had seen it:

Port-au-Prince,

Saturday night. A Negro (Creole) dance-hall in the center of the city—"Monte Carlo Bar." Heavy drinking, and dancing with black prostitutes, in full view of a staring crowd of poor on the sidewalk, about 40 marines, enlisted men looking like 17 year-old kids and with them a few bald-headed non-coms. And—in one corner of the same room 9 United States Army officers and gentlemen in full uniform (paid guardians of American Laws among an "inferior" race) drinking, arguing and shouting with laughter; one of them, a white-clad naval officer with eagle-ornamented helmet staggering around the dance floor in the arms of a pityful ugly, heated, emaciated Negress . . . A limp, whitefaced boy, unconscious from alcohol-poisoning, is carried out to a cab by his "leather neck" . . . buddies.

Same night.

A clean, quiet, native restaurant.

An American officer, fairly sober, enters the place, glances over the clientele with a poisonously arrogant, provocative sneer, goes towards the rear of the hall in leisurely stroll between the tables, and returns, ostentatiously buttoning up his clothing while walking towards the exit. Near the door he stops behind the chair of a native girl, sitting there with an escort, and deliberately tears open the bow of white silk which holds her kinky tresses,—sneers sheepishly, and struts out among a deadly silence. A Hearst or Lorimer reported would have called the faces of the assembled Negroes expressionless, but I saw, and you, dear Master, would have seen: how the crimes of Roman and Hun and medieval Spaniard and last century's Briton are perpetrated now under the sway of perverted Lincolnian democracy . . . superior intelligence being used exclusively for an irresistibly efficient exploitation of the weak.

At any rate we're glad O'Neill made his heroine white because colored girls are getting too attractive. The New York *Times* says:

The Flushing beauty contest was terminated abruptly yesterday, as Dorothy Derrick, 17 years old, a Negro girl, was in third place and threatening to gain.

Persons connected with the approaching festival in Flushing declined to admit they had drawn the color line in the beauty contest. In fact, they made a mystery of their reasons for calling off the election. . . .

Dorothy Derrick is a granddaughter of the Right Rev. Bishop William B. Derrick of the African Methodist Church. She is a student at Hunter College and was an honor student at Flushing High School, of which she is a graduate. She is said to be handsome in her way.

* * *

Don't you love that? Isn't it real Timesy? "In her way!" Forsooth and for God's sake in whose way would she be handsome if not in her own?

THE BLACK MAN AND THE WOUNDED WORLD

A History of the Negro Race in the World War and After

W. E. BURGHARDT DUBOIS

Chapter 2. The Story of the War

IN 1911 the first Races Congress met in London; the object of the Congress was stated to be "to discuss, in the light of science and the modern conscience, the general relations existing between the peoples of the West and those of the East, between so-called white and so-called colored peoples, with a view to encouraging between them a fuller understanding, the most friendly feelings, and a heartier co-operation."

We urged the essential brotherhood of man in eight interesting sessions and we left filled with the hope of new world concord. Yet two knells struck on our hearts in those days, lightly but ominously. Professor Felix von Luschan, the eminent German anthropologist, insisted, despite the secretary's protest, upon ending his purely scientific and broad-minded paper on the "Anthropological View of Race" in this unexpected way:*

"The brotherhood of man is a good thing, but the struggle for life is a far better one. Athens would never have become what it was, without Sparta, and national jealousies and differences, and even the most cruel wars, have ever been the real causes of progress and mental freedom.

"As long as man is not born with wings, like the angels, he will remain subject to the eternal laws of Nature, and therefore he will always have to struggle for life and existence. No Hague Conferences, no International Tribunals, no international papers and peace societies, and no Esperanto or other international language, will ever be able to abolish war.

"The respect due by the white races to other races and by the white races to each other can never be too great, but natural law will never allow racial barriers to fall, and even national boundaries will never cease to exist.

"Nations will come and go, but racial and national antagonism will remain; and this is well, for mankind would become like a herd of sheep, if we were to lose our national ambition and cease to look with pride and delight, not only on our industries and science, but also on our splendid soldiers and our glorious ironclads. Let small-minded people whine about the horrid cost of Dreadnoughts; as long as every nation in Europe spends, year after year, much more money on wine, beer, and brandy than on her army and navy, there is no reason to dread our impoverishment by militarism.

"*Si vis pacem, para bellum;* and in reality there is no doubt that we shall be the better able to avoid war, the better we care for our armour. A nation is free only in so far as her own internal affairs are concerned. She has to respect the right of other nations as well as to defend her own, and her vital interests she will, if necessary, defend with blood and iron."

The second disquiet came from news that a German warship had sailed into Agadir, Morocco, in July, and thus announced that Germany considered herself deceived by France and England at Algeciras five years before. We sensed the shudder in the world and heard the hurrying of statesmen and the ominous speech of the Prime Minister. Then all passed, all seemed calm again for long years. We went to our world wide homes with this prayer in our hearts:

"Save us, World Spirit from our lesser selves!
Grant us that war and hatred cease,
Reveal our souls in every race and hue!
Help us, O Human God, in this Thy Truce
To make Humanity divine!"

One year later I sat with that prematurely aged woman who wrote *"Die Waffen Nieder!"* and on whose soul the weight of the woe of war lay like lead. She spoke of Ferdinand the Warlike heir to the Austrian throne and his entourage, and shook her head sadly—"They mean war" she said,

* This note was appended to the paper at the request of the Secretary:
"To prevent the last few paragraphs from being misinterpreted, Professor v. Luschan authorizes us to state that he regards the desire for a war between Germany and England as 'insane or dastardly.'"—EDITOR.

and in a little while she died and was mercifully spared the horror. Finally on June 28, in Bosnia, which Austria had seized in defiance of her solemn promise, Prinzep murdered Ferdinand and his wife. The world caught its breath for a month.

Then followed four of the most terrible years human civilization has known. So much happened and so frightful that it is difficult to see and realize the great Murder and Starvation as a whole; yet we must, and calmly seek to know it.

Causes

LATE in July Austria, asserting the guilt of Servia for Prinzep's act and the accompanying propaganda, made demands on Servia that no independent land could be expected to yield. She was not expected to, for war had been determined in the secret councils of the Powerful. Germany said: "Either War now or no further colonial expansion and economic dominion;" Austria said: "War now or Russia will dominate the Balkans;" France said: "War now or the loss of Africa;" England said: "War now or War later with weaker allies." To this chorus there was but one effective answer: "War never, for war is Hell!" This Europe did not believe, and so between July 28, 1914, and August 28, eight of the greatest nations of the world, representing its highest and best culture, formally declared that their own best interests and the interests of religion and civilization demanded that they impose their will upon their neighbors by physical force. In 1915 Italy, Bulgaria and Turkey joined these great fighting powers, and in 1917 the United States and practically all of the rest of the world was at war. Civilization in the first half of the twentieth century of Jesus Christ declared that organized and world wide murder was the only path to salvation and peace.

Was this true? It was absolutely untrue. Each one of the contestants and every thinking human being knew it to be untrue and yet the moral and ethical problem before each human soul was baffling, almost insoluble. The situation was the culmination of world wide wrong for which millions were guilty. A world culture had arisen frankly founded on wealth; back of this wealth Germany had placed organized military force, while England had depended on domination of the seas and diplomatic intrigue, and France depended on economic efficiency and intrigue as well as military power. The decision to force changes by military power was the guilt of Germany and a deep crimson guilt. But back of it lay the age-long determination of Frenchmen, Englishmen, Russians, Austrians, Americans and practically all other modern men to monopolize the goods and services of the world for their own benefit and at the expense (a) of the undeveloped races and nations throughout the world; (b) of their own laboring classes; (c) of all foreign nations. Back here lay the blood guilt. With this greed unquestioned and unchallenged, intrigue, bribery and military force followed, and suddenly the conscience of the world faced this horrid dilemma: to fight for the greed of one's own land or submit to the greed and hate of foreigners. So we took the lesser of two awful evils and fought four long bloody years.

In 1914

WAR started on three fronts: Austria sought to seize Servia and failed after a month's trial. Germany determined to crush France and then turn on Russia; but Russia got ready much more quickly than anyone dreamed and by the middle of August, was pouring into East Prussia and threatening Königsberg and Danzig. German refugees began to reach Berlin. This would never do, and so with its powerful right hand on France, Germany reached over with Hindenburg on her left and inflicted a decisive defeat on the Russians late in August. Annoyed but unmoved by the Russian interlude Germany developed her main plan of crushing France by capturing Paris and defeating the main French armies.

Her plans long laid but much too rigid, were to sweep through an unresisting if not complacent Belgium and Luxembourg and fall on Paris from the north instead of from the east. The unexpected resistance of Belgium delayed the Germans two weeks, but this little respite (1) enabled the French to rearrange in part their eastward fronting forces; (2) enabled a small English force to appear in Belgium and (3) showed that fortresses could no longer resist the new siege artillery.

On came the mighty German machine in never ending columns of grey; they captured Brussels, crossed the French frontier and beat the English and French back on

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

Paris until by September 6 they were only 25 miles away, with their seven great armies sweeping from Meaux in deep semi-circle to Verdun and from Verdun to Switzerland.

Then came the first decisive battle of the war—the First Battle of the Marne, September 5-12, 1914, when the French suddenly sent an army around the right flank of the Germans and then by a series of attacks drove them back from 25 to 50 miles to the Aisne. This was the great decisive battle of the war, but alas! It did not end the fighting, it only began it; on the peak of the first onset at the Ourcq were black men fighting for France.

The great plan of the Germans for a quick crushing defeat of France had failed and the whole character of the war changed. On the sea England's already preponderating control was hardly disputed and the plan to starve Germany into submission was laid. On the Russo-Austrian frontier the Russians defeated the Austrians at Lemburg just before the Battle of the Marne, drove them out of parts of Poland and most of Galicia, and threatened the passes of the Carpathians, despite the efforts of Hindenburg to threaten Warsaw.

The Germans in France entrenched themselves along the Aisne river and it took four years to dislodge them. At first the French tried frontal attacks like that by which, the black troops helping, they recaptured Rheims. Unable to do more than dent the German line, the French and English in October and November tried to outflank the Germans and drive them back from the sea. A terrible struggle, "The Race to the Sea", ensued. It was cold, wet, muddy and misty, and the murderous machines strewed the blood and limbs of thousands upon thousands across the black fields of Flanders. Black, brown and white men died like vermin as the French moved across the Oise, north to Lille, past Ypres and Dixmude to the mouth of the Yser where it locked itself to the sea. The Germans kept step, capturing Antwerp, which threatened their rear, and driving down the coast to Ostend. The critical battle there is known as the First Battle of Ypres and lasted from October 20 to November 17, one of the bloodiest of the war, where the suffering of human beings has seldom been surpassed; the British army was wiped out and there it was that whole battalions of black men perished and more than 200,000 corpses rotted and stank in the mud. Entrenched in deadlock, the end of the year found the great armies sinking to confused sobbing and quivering 500 miles from the Yser to the Alps, and 900 miles from Tilsit to Czernowitz.

In 1915

THE second year of the war saw the Allies confident and Germans grim. The former with the expected accession of Italy, and with their sea power, proposed to end the war on the western front while the Russians were still triumphant in the east. England wished to begin with an attack along the coast. The French decided upon an attack in the Champagne and near Arras. On the other hand the Germans with Hindenburg, Ludendorff and Mackensen in the ascendency worked out a new plan of campaign which included a tremendous increase in artillery and especially the use of field howitzers with which the Russians were to be smashed while the Allies were held checkmated in the west.

The Allies began their campaign in the west by tentative French attacks in the Champagne in February and March, and also by an ambitious but ill-considered attempt in February on the part of the British to capture with white, black and brown aid the Straits of the Dardanelles. The real campaign opened with the Battle of Neuve Chapelle. This was a drive of the new British army of 500,000 in the Flanders district between March 10th and 15th.

(To be continued)

ON account of its length and its frankly pro-Negro attitude, it is possible that Dr. Du Bois' history of the Negro in the World War will have to be published by subscription. In this case the possibility of publication will depend on the number of persons willing to subscribe. If you are interested will you sign and return the appended blank or one similar to it?

The undersigned is interested in the publication of "The Black Man in the Wounded World" by Dr. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois and would like details as to its size, cost and date of issue when these matters have been determined on.

Name .....

Address .....